

THE

Deaf-Mutes' Friend



"UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL."

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THE DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

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WE came up here to attend the first Commencement exercises of the only Deaf-Mute College in the country. It was an event of a lifetime—first things are always notable things, if we only had eyes to see the notableness. So I took quite a new fancy to the young graduates when I saw them folding the Bill of Fare of the first Commencement Dinner of the first Deaf-Mute College—folding it carefully as a souvenir of the day and the fact.

It was eleven o'clock when the exercises at the church began. There were spectators enough in the audience to comfortably fill the body of the building. Up in the wide gallery on the left sat the pupils and teachers of the deaf and dumb school—little children in whose faces you could not help seeing the joy of life and the flush of a novel excitement. On the platform were the three graduates, President Gallaudet and his associate professors, white-haired Amos Kendall and his associate directors, and a dozen gentlemen specially interested in the work and success of the college.

The programme of the day was much like that of other college commencements—an address by the president, orations and the valedictory by the graduates, frequent music by the band, brief speeches at the close by half a dozen gentlemen. The exercises occupied three hours—so well occupied them that the spectators remained to the end without apparent weariness. "The occasion which brings us together to-day marks a new era in the history of civilization," said the president, in opening his brief and felicitous address, in which he gave the outlines of the history of deaf-mute education in the District, and showed on what foundations this college was built.

It has grown to its present prosperous state from the small beginning of twelve years ago. Good old Amos Kendall, a Massachusetts farmer's boy,

who set out at the age of twenty-five to seek his own fortune, and came to honor and wealth and political preferment in Washington, is his father. He is long past his three score and ten. Thirty-four years ago, Martin Van Buren made him Postmaster-General, but he is yet so vigorous that it was pleasant to see the canny grand-sire sitting in the seat of honor yesterday on the platform at the church; pleasant to see the valedictorian of the graduating class turn to him with eloquent and touching pantomime; pleasant to see him stand at the desk and read his words of fatherly counsel to those first deaf-mute Bachelors of Arts; pleasant to see how everybody greeted him in the half hour that we stood about the platform when the commencement exercises were over; pleasant to see him sitting at President Gallaudet's left hand when we ate the commencement dinner; pleasant to see him rise to say the last words of our good fellowship; touching to see his trembling and withered hands spell out "good-bye", and "God bless you," as we broke up and the young men went out to commence the struggle of their four senses against our five. Of his other charities and benefactions I say nothing here; enough for this purpose to speak of him as the father and liberal friend of the first Deaf-Mute College.

There are or have been forty-eight students in this college—seven from New England, four from New York, six from Pennsylvania, six from the District, eight from the South, and seventeen from the West. The course of study corresponds in general to the academical course in other American colleges, with the design of combining the elements of mathematics, science, history, philology, linguistics, metaphysics and ethics, in such a manner as to call into exercise all the leading faculties of the mind, and to prepare the way for whatever line of intellectual effort may be suggested by the varying tastes and talents of individuals.

This year there were three graduates—Joseph G. Parkinson of New Hampshire, who is a clerk in the Interior Department, and intends to study law and go into business with his brother as a counsellor; James H. Logan of Pennsylvania, who is already a fine student in natural science, has invented a compact and serviceable microscope, and will begin life as a teacher; and J. Burton Hotchkiss of Connecticut, who goes out as a teacher to California, and means to work his way into journalism as a profession.

The orations of these graduates were quite as good as the average of those presented at other college anniversaries. Reading them, or hearing them read, you would not for an instant imagine that their writers were deaf to all the instructive and cultivating sounds and voices of life and nature—never dream that these young men's minds had been reached and developed through nothing but the language of signs. They do not need to fear the future—they are as well fitted, intellectually, to grapple with the world's problems as are other young men of their age. There was no shadow on their faces—they were as confident and as full of hope as other college graduates are. Hotchkiss, who wrote of "Nature and Literature," and had the Valedictory,

talked about books as my own best college friend might have talked; Parkinson, who wrote of "Tariffs and Free Trade," and is an advocate of protection, gave answers sharper and shrewder than my questions were; Logan, who wrote of "Natural Science", is competent to stand as a professor before the freshmen or sophomores of any college in the country.

I have no desire to eulogize; I gave the whole day to these Commencement exercises and festivities that I might form a reasonable judgment on the prospects of deaf-mutes who go through a collegiate course of study. With deaf-mutes, as with the rest of mankind, everything primarily depends on the individual will and purpose of the man. President Gallaudet spoke from large and thoughtful experience when he said:—

"To those who are disposed to inquire what range of acquirement in the liberal arts is open to the deaf and dumb, it may be stated that deafness, though it be total and congenital, imposes no limit on the intellectual development of its subjects, save in the single direction of the appreciation of acoustic phenomena."

Anything so impressive as the church exercises I have rarely seen. These three young men were more graceful than any other college boys of my acquaintance. Hands and arms are a nuisance to a young man when in public or society; he can get along with his feet, but he never knows what to do with his hands—they are always in the way; he is sure they are big and rough; putting them into gloves merely aggravates matters. If he wants to describe a circular sweep, he only accomplishes an irregular triangle; if he undertakes to gesticulate from the shoulder, he gets nervous at seeing his hand before his face and at finding his fingers sprawling about in unkind disorder. But these gentlemen had none of these troubles; there was no dead or foreign matter about them; they spoke with fingers and hands and arms and faces and eyes and bodies; it was you, the spectator, who was deaf and could not hear, dumb and could not answer. In the gallery sat two or three score of little boys and girls, from the preparatory school to be sure, but wiser than you in this universal language. You could not speak with the president from your seat near the platform, yet while the orations were being delivered I saw him frequently speak with students and teachers a hundred feet away. If you wanted to give one of the young men a bouquet you could do no more than send it up with your name on a card; when bright Mrs. Gallaudet's bouquet was delivered and the recipient looked to her seat, she brought her gloved right hand into sight and kindled a new light in the lad's eyes with words of womanly praise which you and I could not hear.

When the name of the orator was called or announced, he rose, bowed to the president, as is customary, stepped to the front of the platform, and delivered his oration in the sign language—speaking with such force and elegance and intonation that, deaf as you were to his words, you could hardly help hearing many ideas. For your particular benefit, however, Prof. Pratt stood at his left and rear, and read the pages that he spoke. He interpreted.

for two-thirds of the audience what the orator said to the other third—reading faster or slower as the orator argued his propositions or glowed in his fervor. In spite of myself I found that I was trying to hear both the reader and the speaker—hearing one with the ear and the other with the eye. Before the day was over I progressed so far in my involuntary study that I could frequently catch the drift of what was spoken to the eye before I heard what was spoken to the ear. Do you remember Ben Johnson's

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,"

and have you thought that you understood its full force? I caught a new meaning in the fine words when I saw them spoken so eloquently by Hotchkiss.

The most thrilling moment of the day came at the close of the valedictory. It was impressive to see Professor Fay stand and repeat the words of Mr. Kendall and Dr. Sunderland, and General Howard and Dr. Samson, for the benefit of the graduates and students,—good to see the glow on their faces and the intelligence in their eyes at the rounded and feeling periods of the speakers; but the final scene thrilled me with an emotion almost to tears. Whether it was or was not done by design, is more than I know; but the fact is that Professor Pratt read the valedictory very rapidly, and finished it a couple of moments before the valedictorian did. When he had concluded, he turned the last leaf of the manuscript and silently stepped back to his seat. Hotchkiss stood alone, tender and emotional even in his attitude; swept over by the feeling that must come to all when the last word is said; glancing out upon the new life, his spirit leaping within him to be gone in among the throngs of men; his eye and heart full of the sweetest memories given to young men; the final "farewell" pressing for utterance, and the hand holding it back with knowledge that its enunciation opens the door upon untried scenes—the young man's body so alive with the burden of the moment that it seems as if his tongue must catch its office and lend its sad and hopeful melody to the occasion; reaching out his arms with quick motion, turning the last "good-by" gracefully and feelingly in the hushed atmosphere, bowing low to his fellows and teachers, and pausing an instant to check the tide of emotion before he took his seat. Then the whole house broke out into electric applause.

President Gallaudet has been here from the beginning of the school in 1857. Twelve years of this work, and he is now but thirty-two, with a kindly young man's face, a persistent set of the under-jaw, buoyant of step and hearty in the hand, manners of winning manhood and speech of frankness and persuading eloquence. It was his steady and tireless labor that made this college; it was his ready intelligence that carried the project through all the stages of congressional contempt and opposition. And his right hand man is Professor Pratt, fit associate of so fit a man. When the young men were to receive their diplomas, Mr. Gallaudet spoke to them with

his fingers, and each answered to his name. The house was hushed to perfect quietude while the ceremony took place. What the president had to say he said in the sign language, and it was not translated for our benefit. He sat grave and dignified, as became the college president; but he had been more than man if, thinking of the past and realizing the fruition of the present,—sitting as President of the first Deaf-Mute College in the world, conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts for the first time upon deaf-mutes,—he must have been more than man, I say, if he could have thus done his duty without deep emotion.—*Washington Correspondence Boston Advertiser.*

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH SERVICE AMONG THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN *Fraser's Magazine* was lately published an account of a church service among the London, (Eng.) deaf-mutes, of which the following extracts are interesting as giving the impressions made on an intelligent hearing person by a service conducted in the sign language:—

“The congregation sit. It is the time for the reading of the psalm, and they consult the black-board and their Bibles, and turn to the appointed page. The preacher stretches out his arms to call their attention, and when he sees that they are all heeding him, begins his quick gesturing again. The psalm has been found by us, too, but it is impossible, with the preacher's nimbleness and use and genius, to keep up with him; and the clue once gone, there is no regaining it, and we can once more do nothing but be all-absorbed and look. With the grand words of the Psalmist come grander actions, and we might be in the East, with a type before us of all the fire and imagery of the Hebrew race. Our eloquent mute bows his head, moves his hand above it, as if the waves were fiercely surging there; lays his breast for the storm to touch it; wrestles with his foes; bids them strike him; thrusts them back; pleads for help; exults when it is given; is borne down when it does not come. He shows the wind with its wild rush; the billows as they wave; the arrows of Heaven descending; the peace that follows; the obedience that takes it all for good. And through all of it there is no moment's stay in the passion (almost) of his finger-speech. He is still making up the sum of the sublime words he is rendering, with all the velocity of before.

The congregation keep their eyes on him intent. He scarcely looks at his book, except now and then to lay one of his charmed fingers upon it (to remind himself, apparently, of how far he has gone), or to hurriedly turn the page. He seems to know all that is coming by heart, and to feel as though it were his very life. He is on the mountains with his sacred bard; he is beside the waters; he treads the pasture; he scents the flowers; he feels the

thorny way. To him the fountains are again opened; he tells of their leaping in the sun, of the dark shades away from them, of the Rock of his heart, of the confusion of his adversaries crowding around. He is a Gamaliel, an Isaiah, a Job, a Jonah; Israelitish youths are in procession near him, and he sees the smoke of the sacrifice ascend. He is hope, with his face radiant; he is endurance, with his head bent low; he is victory, with his hands up like a crown; he is a captive, with his body chafing under heavy chains. His arms open to receive sweet messengers; his arms are clasped upon his breast with joy that they are come; he points up with the sign that means the Ruler; he points to the nail-marks in his palms that are the signs of Jesus Christ. He flings away his hands, to imply disdain; he joins them tightly, to signify accord; he spreads them wide, to show universal reaching; he gently waves them, to denote the shaking of the earth. Long before we are weary of watching him, he has figured all this and more, and he has stood in cedar groves, and by flocks feeding, and he has drank in the Syrian sunset, and melted under the terrors of a desert blaze; and then the last verse of the psalm is finished and his arms are again at his sides drooping, as his congregation have once more, in a mass, risen to their feet.

He is leading them to prayer. He has changed his one book for the other, has opened it, lighted upon his place, and recommenced his whirl of interpretation. Letter succeeds letter, picture follows instantly upon picture, aspect, attitude, expression, follow each other with puzzling rapidity. There is one, there is the other, there are all; and then the prayer is over, and he points to the black-board for the lesson, interprets that, (the people again sitting for it,) signs to them to stand for the Collect, and in a few minutes his (necessarily) shortened form of church service is done. It is now the time for the sermon, and in this is the marvellous power of this physical language still more displayed. As the preacher, of course, is full of his own thoughts, a different set of phrases clothes them, and a different set of symbols is needed to make them known. He cannot be more rapid,—one would think he must be panting now, ready to throw himself prostrate upon the floor,—he cannot be more picturesque, but he is (or we fancy he is) more homely, and it seems that he has left poetry, as it were, and is manipulating to us now in prose. He appears to saw, cut, screw, fold, pat, mix, knock, fondle; to hang himself, cut his head, recover, smile, assure every one that he is not hurt, blow bubbles and draw ropes. He appears to tie, twist, twirl, rub, wring, iron, make pies and puddings, hold them up to be admired, congratulate himself that they have turned out so well. There is danger (it seems to us) of a wreck; he sees the peril, cheers on the men, throws a rope to them, rejoices that they see it, hauls it in, comforts us that it is coming, hauls it still more, and hauls and hauls again, and then snaps off the simile and is precipitated over something else.

His emphasis is surprising. He lays his two hands to beat down the air, and does it as if no one could deny the end; he returns to his velocity of

fingering, and then presses down the air again ; he is busy above his head and toward his feet, and among the puzzlement of long and little fingers ; and then is pressing out his outstretched hands convincingly once more. His joints seem multiplied in his miraculous celerity, and we grow giddy with looking at his energy and dispatch. There has been no break in his movements, let it be remembered. No Litany has changed the order, with the congregation joining in response. No grand old hymn has woven every one into harmony, and made but a single soul out of all those here assembled, with the beauty of its sacred cords. The preacher has had to go on and on, with no commas but those his supple hands have marked, and his whole labor almost one long continuous phrase. No words can successfully paint his intricate action ; no pen can describe his entanglings, his involutions, his perplexing and pliant skill.

He is so expert, so facile, so swift, so fleet, he fills us with ever increasing wonder ; and forces us to think it is we who are imperfect, and not he, who leaves us so deeply impressed. He speaks a different language from what we do ; that is what we come to think. We cannot feel that he has no language at all. What is this marvellous fluency of his, this pictured eloquence, that we should feel pity for it as an infirmity, simply because it is something that we cannot understand ? ”

CURB-STONE LETTERS.

BY H. G. STEPHENS.

MR. EDITOR:—As you know, I keep a confectionary stand, and I can be found any day at my place, corner of Broadway and Park Place, in this city. (New York.) You also know that I suffered a total loss of hearing from disease contracted while in the army.

I like my business because of the excitement attending it. It has been my occupation for nearly five years, during which time I have seen much to amuse, instruct and benefit me. It is a school, sir, in which a lover of the fascinating study of human nature can perfect himself, for it brings him in contact with all classes and conditions of people. I have to deal with many singular specimens of humanity, and I will give some of my experiences, to show them up and give some idea of the little annoyances to which my deafness sometimes subjects me.

One fall, a gentleman made me an agent to receive orders for his maple-syrup, and left a sample at my stand. It was put up in a suspicious-looking three-pint, black, ardent spirit bottle. One day a customer stepped up to my stand, raised the bottle to his mouth, took a generous taste, smacked his lips, expressed his satisfaction, and left his order for a supply. Just then, a red-

faced, red-nosed, watery-eyed, and very thirsty-looking individual happened to roll down Broadway like a sailor on shore for the first time after a long voyage and, seeing the gentleman (as he supposed) imbibing "oh, be joyful," he backed his main-yard and hove to (I am a sailor) until my customer passed on. He then braced around, bore down upon and hailed me.

"I am deaf, sir," I replied.

Taking my slate, with great difficulty he wrote:—"i sa, gin mee a drap of them sperrits."

"Spirits of what?" I asked, astonished at so singular a request.

"Sperrits of whisky, to be shure, that's the cetter; ritin maiks mee dri."

I assured the earnest advocate of spirits of whiskey for the dry that I did not keep the creature at my stand, and urged him to be temperate if he would be happy.

Not long since, a person, upon whose forehead I imagined the words: vinegar, disagreeable, cross, and surly, were plainly branded, selected a small quantity of confectionary, and handed me a very old, greasy, soiled, mutilated twenty-five cent stamp.

"I cannot take this, sir," said I, "I have great difficulty in passing stamps when they are badly torn."

"It is genuine, is it not?" wrote he.

"I presume so, sir," I replied, "but it does not look very inviting, and I should not like to offer it to any one on that account."

Snatching it from my hand in a towering passion, he wrote:

"Well, you are so very extraordinarily nice and particular that, hereafter, whenever I want anything from your stand, I will step into a bank and purchase bran-new stamps that have never been in circulation, and wrap them up in religious tracts before I hand them to you."

I took that stamp and, although I have not as yet succeeded in passing it, I can afford to lose it; his remark is worth it.

One day, a very quarrelsome-looking fellow came along and asked me a question.

"I am deaf," I answered.

He stared a moment and then again addressed me.

I then informed him that "I am *totally* deaf."

Placing his lips very close to my ear, he, I suppose, shouted like a son of Peter Cartwright.

I stepped backward a few paces, and said: "See here, sir; I have told you twice that I cannot hear what you say—that is enough."

Stripping off his coat, he threw it upon the sidewalk, rolled up his sleeves and squared himself for a fight.

Calling a boy with whom I am acquainted, I requested him to write what the man wanted of me.

"He says," wrote the boy, "that he asked you a civil question, but as he is not a well-dressed snob, you feel too big to answer it; that you lied to him

to get rid of him, and that you are altogether too saucy and too tall and that he intends to cut you down a few inches."

Just as I had finished reading this very uncomfortable intelligence, a couple of my friends appeared upon the scene. Being very well satisfied with my height, and not wishing to be made a *few inches shorter*—having just purchased a new suit of clothes—I explained matters to them. Taking the bully boy to one side, they finally succeeded in convincing him that I was really deaf—when he left, I hope, never to return.

"Will you please permit me to leave this small trunk behind your stand until this evening? I will pay you well for your trouble in watching it," said a well-dressed, benevolent-looking old gentleman to me, one afternoon at one o'clock.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "but be sure to remove it before five o'clock, as I close my business and go home precisely at that hour."

He promised and left. Five o'clock came, but the owner of the trunk did not come for it. I put my stock and stand away, and stood on the sidewalk watching the trunk until a quarter past the hour. Still the owner did not come. I became impatient and, seeing a discharged soldier passing by, and knowing him to be a very worthy man, out of work, I told him that if he would take the matter off my hands, and enable me to go home, the gentleman would be sure to return soon. "He promised to pay me well for my trouble," I added, "and if you will share that trouble, you are welcome to all the pay."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier, "I am glad enough of the chance to turn an honest stamp; the times are hard."

I then described the personal appearance of the benevolent-looking old gentleman to the soldier, and left the following note for him:

SIR:—You were to have been here at five o'clock. It is now twenty-five minutes past. I can wait no longer, and have given your property in charge of the bearer. He is a poor soldier, and the father of a large family. By rewarding him liberally you will also reward and oblige

H. G. STEPHENS.

In the morning the soldier came to my stand with a frowning brow and the following note:

SIR:—I expected to return before five, but was detained until some moments after. You should have remained at your post. I promised to reward you, not the soldier, and will do so when I see you again.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "that is decidedly cool and refreshing this warm weather. How long did you have to wait for him, my friend?"

"Till nearly a quarter past six. I gave him your note, and after writing a reply, he blamed you for leaving his valise with me, took it from me, and hurried away."

I forced fifty cents on the soldier, who, under the circumstances, was unwilling to receive it. It is unnecessary to add that I have not seen the bene-

volent-looking old gentleman from that day to this, nor do I wish to meet him in the future. I was disappointed in him.

"How did that man come to lose his hearing?" asked a verdant specimen from the country, of a gentleman whom he saw writing to me.

"From a fever contracted while in the army, in the line of his duty as a soldier in the ranks, I believe," was the reply.

"Why! how you talk!" exclaimed the countryman. Diving his hand to the depths of a capacious pocket, he brought up and handed to me one of those old-fashioned large black cents, so many of which are still in circulation and, addressing the gentleman, he added:

"Tell the pur feller that I allers make it a pint to help the unfortunate. The Scriptor says, yer know, that whosomever giveth to the pur, lendeth to the Lord."

Receiving my thanks for his gift, with the air of a man who had conferred a blessing upon a suffering fellow-creature, he went on his way rejoicing.

My greatest foes, Mr. Editor, are those who, when they want anything in my line, ask for trust, get it and forget to pay.

"Stephens, do you trust?" asked one of those customers, the other day.

"I do," I replied.

When he had selected what he wished, I added:—

"*In God*—and I also trust that you will pay for that candy—*this day, now and here.*"

He concluded to wait until he had the money.

VISIT OF GENERAL SHERMAN TO THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ON Tuesday, May 18th, at the annual meeting of the Directors of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the usual exhibition of the pupils took place.

Among the most interesting events of the day, was the visit of General Sherman, who had been elected a life member. He was received with unbounded interest and enthusiasm by teachers and pupils. With the assistant matron, Mrs. Mary E. Totten, who was introduced to him among others, the General seemed much pleased, as she, though a deaf-mute, was the mother of two of his bravest soldiers, a Lieutenant and a Sergeant, who were under his command throughout the Georgia campaign. This lady deserves more than a passing notice. She has, for seventeen years, been the assistant Matron of the New York Institution, and her long experience and faithful performance of duty have endeared her to the thousands who have been under her care, many of whom call her by the sweet name of "Mother," so well does she fill the place of that parent to them; and when she leaves her place, which for the sake of the pupils, it is to be hoped will not happen for years to come,

she will leave sad and sorrowful hearts behind her who, though they may possibly find her equal, will never find her superior.

One of the deaf-mutes, on being introduced to the General, said, by means of his pencil: "Permit me to assure you that during that time of suspense, from your departure from Atlanta till you re-appeared near Savannah, none of the American people waited for tidings of that great march, which was the beginning of the end, with more hopeful anxiety than the deaf-mutes."

To give the five hundred pupils of the Institution an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest generals of the age, they were all assembled in the chapel, and six of the youngest were called forward to write a few words of welcome. They showed that, small as they were, and so recently rescued from the densest mental darkness, they had learned to know and honor Grant and Sherman.

Six of the High Class next came forward, and wrote impromptu addresses of welcome to the distinguished guest. As is usual at the Institution, they wrote with crayons, on the large slates; the young men in characters legible half way down the room, while the young ladies naturally wrote in much finer characters. One of the young men wrote:

"Have we heard of General Sherman? What a funny question to ask, when for the last four years his name has been in everybody's mouth."

Another wrote: "We were so excited, while he was advancing rapidly from Tennessee to Georgia, that we could not study."

Another: "Though we have never before seen General Sherman, yet we have frequently heard of him, and his march through Georgia, which terminated the war."

One of the young ladies wrote: "Look at the eyes of the deaf-mutes, which brighten though their lips speak not, but their expressive looks can show their gratitude."

Another: "We owe much, not only to him, but to the brave men who sacrificed their lives for their country's peace, and let not General Sherman think, because our voice is silent, we feel the less."

Another said: "We will try to make this visit as pleasant to him as it is to us." Each of the above sentences is only one from a composition filling a slate six feet long.

The General was much pleased and interested, and it being suggested that a speech would gratify the deaf-mute assembly, and could be interpreted to them in their own language, he mounted the platform and made an address; his remarks being interpreted by the principal, I. L. Peet.

He was pleased to say, among other apt remarks, that he had travelled far in this broad land, and been welcomed in many places; but never more enthusiastically, or by a more interesting or appreciating assemblage than by the deaf-mutes who greeted him that day.

After inspecting the neat and judicious arrangements for the health, comfort and instruction of the pupils; shaking hands with boys who will long

boast that they had a grip at the hand of Sherman; kissing with paternal kindness the little girls, each of whom will remember this salute as one of the proudest and happiest moments of her life, and taking some refreshments, the General departed, followed by the mute hurrahs of the pupils, who waved their hats and handkerchiefs until he disappeared.

The General looks strikingly like the portrait of him which ornaments the frontispiece of the second volume of Greeley's *American Conflict*, even to the shortness of the hair and beard, and kindliness and hopefulness of expression in the mouth and eyes. His nose, however, is more decidedly aquiline than appears in that portrait. Except in the buttons and in the four stars on each shoulder of his blue coat, his dress was plain. His noble but rugged brow, Roman cast of features, and tall, thin form may never be seen again by the hundreds who took in his presence with eager eyes; but his memory will remain, an incentive to patriotism, an image to stir the blood and elevate the soul forever.—*Com.*

A SINGULAR COUPLE.

THE circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy old town of Hexam a lasting place in my memory, was our taking lodgings with an extraordinary pair—an old man and woman, husband and wife—who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlor and two rooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each were seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance they answered together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember well that my brother rather irreverently wondered whether "we were always to be waited on by these Siamese twins." On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared, as usual—the wife carrying the bed-room candle-stick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast the following morning, when her husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bed-room, when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise toward her husband, said:

"There's no offense meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber, he's stone blind."

"Poor man," I exclaimed. "But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?"

"It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband, "she can't hear you; she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was a compensation! Could a couple be better matched? Man and wife were indeed one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was a beautiful sight to me, ever after, to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught. I have often thought of the old man and woman, and can but hope, as in life they were inseparable from each other, so in death they might not be divided; but that either might be spared the terrible calamity of being left alone in the world.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.

ON Saturday, June 5th, between forty and fifty deaf-mute boys, pupils at the American Asylum, accompanied by Mr. Crossett, the assistant Steward of that Institution, made a very successful and satisfactory pedestrian excursion to the Tower on Talcott Mountain.

On their way out, they passed through Bloomfield, and called on Miss Julia Brace, the deaf and dumb and blind woman, who was for many years an inmate of the Asylum, but who left it five or six years ago and now lives with her sister in Bloomfield. The company stopped in front of the house and Julia was led out of the door. She recognized Mr. Crossett and several of the boys whom she had formerly known at the Asylum. She also made many inquiries of them concerning the matron, Mrs. White, Mr. Turner, the former principal, and others of her friends at the Asylum, from whom she has been separated for several years.

Miss Brace is a remarkable woman. She has been, all her life, entirely shut out from the world of sensation around her, except through the single avenue of *feeling*. Her world is one of profound darkness and utter silence. She is blind and deaf and dumb. Yet her intelligence, on many subjects, and her power to recognize persons she has known, made her famous during her connection with the Asylum. The mysterious power of the indwelling human soul, to make itself known and to manifest its intelligence under such disheartening circumstances, is one of the wonders of the time.

The interview between Julia and her friends was quite an interesting one. At the end, they gave her a package of oranges, each and all shook hands with her, and passed on.

The boys greatly enjoyed their excursion, and wish to express their thanks to the proprietors of the tower and the mountain grounds for the generous treatment they received.—*Hartford (Conn.) Paper*.

Remember, Heaven helps those who do what they can for themselves.

DEAF-MUTES AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

REV. A. P. Brewer writes to the *American Missionary* as follows:—

"The State of North Carolina has begun to educate its colored deaf and blind children, as it has long provided for white children of these classes.

A school has been started in Raleigh under the direction of a former teacher of our Association, where the long neglected ones are beginning to assemble.

One of them is Ake B——, deaf and dumb from birth, and very near-sighted too. His complexion is light, and the shape of his head is more like a Malay than an African. Such people among the negroes are called Madagascars. Their sight is often poor, and their heads have, at times, a peculiar tremble.

I brought Ake from his home to the school. He is the village favorite, and very dear to his mother. So helpful has he been about the house, cooking, washing, and the like, that his mother said of him: "He has always been my gal." Though it was a trial to give him up, yet she readily committed him to our care, for the sake of having him educated. He had often attended the night school in the village, but had only learned to hold a book before him and move his lips as he saw others do, sometimes silently and sometimes making a murmuring noise.

His step-father was very sick with pneumonia when he left home, and has since died; but poor Ake does not yet know of it, as none of us can convey the idea to his mind. Poor Ake! he is nearly a man, yet knows nothing of God and Jesus, of prayer and heaven. None of these poor deaf children know a single verse of the precious Bible. How anxious we are to have them learn about their Creator and Redeemer! They are learning fast. In less than a month some have learned to write and spell and understand the meaning of such words as *pin, box, sheep, lamb, goose, feathers, &c.*"

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A deaf and dumb man named George Curtis, a farmer and a much respected man, residing with his son, about a mile from the New Gloucester station of the Grand Trunk Railway, in Maine, was struck by an engine on Saturday afternoon, June 8th, while walking on the track, and so badly injured that he died an hour afterwards.

It appears that he had been repairing his fences along the line of the Railroad, and waited until the last regular train had passed, when he took the track for some purpose. The engineer of the train (a special one) thought it was a section hand, who would get out of the way at the usual signal, and he did not discover his mistake in season to stop the train.

Mr. Curtis was about sixty years of age and leaves a family. He was a brother of Mrs. Thomas Brown of Henniker, N. H., and was connected, by relationship and by marriage, with a large number of deaf-mutes.

Agricultural Department.

FARM NOTES FOR JULY.

THE great business of July and August is Hay Making. This is one of the most important crops in the Northern States, ranking in value with the wheat crop, and probably second only to the corn crop. Many millions will be added to, or subtracted from, the aggregate value of this crop, according as the hay-making is done skilfully and in good season or otherwise.

To each farmer it will make a difference of many dollars in the value of his crop whether he does the work in the right way and at the right time. The hay that is cut at the right time and well cured (not too much dried or too little) will be worth much more than that cut at the wrong time and not well cured.

1. To have good hay, the first requisite is to have a good kind of grass. Timothy is the general favorite at the North, and not without good reason, though it starts rather late and yields quite little after-math. But the discussion of the best kind should be left for seed-time. It is well here to observe, however, that the several kinds of red-top, fowl-meadow, and other similar grasses rank next to Timothy and Clover, and where they abound, the hay is sure to be good. The coarse kind of serge and other grasses with solid stems make very poor fodder. The real grasses have hollow culms or stems, (like wheat and oats, only slenderer,) and leaves sheathing at the base, but split down one side.

2. The second requisite is to cut it at the right time. This, for most grasses, is just after the grass is in blossom. Timothy alone is said to be more nutritious when the seed is nearly ripe. Most other grasses, and especially clover, should be cut while in blossom. If there are many weeds in the grass, which blossom out earlier than the grass, it may be necessary to cut it a little earlier, as many weeds will make tolerable fodder if cut when in blossom; whereas they are a most unmitigated nuisance in the hay if cut when their seeds are ripe.

3. The third requisite is to dry enough to avoid heating and spoiling in the mow, but not enough to reduce the grass to the value of dry straw.

This point requires judgment and experience. As a general rule, rake up as soon as wilted, and let the hay stand two or three days in cocks, then spread in the sun a few hours.

Buckwheat should be sown rather early, and turnips somewhat late in July.

J. R. B.

A Good farmer is the most truly independent man upon the earth.

Religious Department.

A SHORT SERMON.

"CAST thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."
Ecclesiastes xi: 1.

This language is figurative. It refers to the manner in which some kinds of seed are sown.

In Eastern lands, the rivers overflow the rice-fields, and the husbandman or farmer goes out in a boat and sows his seed on the surface of the waters. The seed sinks to the bottom and is apparently lost; but after a time the water dries up and the seed sprouts, grows and produces a valuable crop, so the farmer finds his seed after many days.

The farmer sows his seed in faith. He expects that God will cause it to grow. He anticipates the harvest with pleasure, though for a time the seed seems to be lost. It loses its form and perishes in the earth; but a little sprout springs from it, which is nourished by the soil, the rain and the sun, and finally it bears much fruit; often an hundred times as much as was sown. So the farmer gets an abundance from the little he sowed.

REMARKS.

1. We are taught, by this subject, to be beneficent and try to do good.
2. Not to despise small things; they are often powerful for good or evil.
3. The knowledge which we have is like the seed of the farmer, and we should labor to impart it to our fellow-men.
4. Wealth, skill, good examples, power and influence are like the seed.
5. Our own friends and companions, those with whom we live and those whom we meet, our fellow-men, are like the fields which are ready to be sown.
6. God requires us to sow the seed He has given us; trusting in Him to make it productive. We must make efforts; we must try to do good, even if we cannot see how good will come. We must "cast our bread upon the waters."
7. God promises to bless the efforts of His people when made in faith:—"Thou shalt find it after many days."
8. Rulers, teachers, parents, masters, intelligent and influential persons, can do the most good, but all can do something. All can do what God requires. All can cast their bread upon the waters.

Sometimes one word, one good example, one act of kindness and love, has led to the salvation of a sinner.

Let us examine ourselves and see what good we have done, and what we have neglected to do; and let us obey the injunction of the text, trusting in God for his blessing.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

JULY, 1869.

THE proposed school for deaf-mutes in the city of Boston will probably go into operation as soon as cool weather sets in. The Committee have received a large number of applications for admission and are very active in procuring the names and residences of the deaf children in the city, which will most likely result in more applications. The school is to be conducted on the Articulation plan pursued at Northampton, it being apparent, since so much has been said about the possibility and practicability of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, that the expectations of parents and friends, as well as of others who are interested in the movement, have been so highly raised that nothing will satisfy them but a thorough trial.

The plan of the Committee seems to be:—to take all who come and ascertain, by a few weeks or months of experiment, who can and who cannot be benefitted by articulation; keeping those who can and sending those who cannot to Hartford.

We consider this plan as being neither just nor satisfactory. If the city undertakes to educate *any* of her deaf children at home, she should so educate them *all*. For those who cannot be benefitted by articulation, provision should be made for their instruction by the manual alphabet and by signs—in a separate and distinct school, so as not to interfere with the fair and thorough trial of the experiment of articulation, or with the speedy settlement of the vexed question. It is manifestly unfair to educate one child at home, or near it, because it can learn to talk more or less, and send another, from the same place, into another State because its education must be acquired through the medium of the fingers.

It may be said, in defence of this plan, that Hartford has a claim on those who cannot be taught by articulation, and justice requires that they should be sent to her. Hartford has done her part for more than fifty years, and done it well; but it is no object for her to seek to retain the patronage of Boston or of Massachusetts, if either decides to set up for itself in the matter of deaf-mute education. In common with those from other States, Massachusetts

mutes have always been an expense to Hartford, as the annual charge for board, tuition, &c., does not cover the actual expense of each pupil, the deficiency being made up from the interest and other proceeds of the Trust Fund in the hands of the Asylum Corporation.

Another point is: that the withdrawal of all the Massachusetts pupils, or ceasing to send them there, will cause an inconvenient vacancy in the Institution. This is, in our opinion, a total misconception of the case. As we understand it, pupils have often to wait a year or more, after applying for admission, because there is no room for them, the Directors not believing in overcrowding under any circumstances. Hence, it will be seen that the withdrawal of Massachusetts mutes from Hartford, whether it benefits them or not, will be an advantage to the mutes of other States, and will in no wise either reduce the number of pupils or impair the usefulness of that time-honored Institution.

It is said that the education of deaf children at home will be less expensive, both to the State and to parents and guardians; and, while wishing the project every success, we insist that *all* should have the benefit of the arrangement; that impartial provision be made for both classes, and that nothing be made dependent on the accident of speech.

MASSACHUSETTS DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION.—Since the first Sunday in July, the services of this Society have been conducted by Prof. D. E. Bartlett of Hartford, who is expected to continue to conduct them, alternating with Rev. Mr. Turner, Dr. Stone, and others, as occasion may require.

The news of Mr. Clerc's death reached Boston, by telegraph, during the morning service on Sunday, July 18th. At the close, the members of the Union held an informal meeting and chose three delegates to attend the funeral: Wm. Martin Chamberlain, Wm. Bailey and Geo. A. Holmes.

The Union desires to acknowledge the receipt of thirty pew Bibles and a large and handsome one for the desk, a gift from the Massachusetts Bible Society and also the donation of Directories and other books by the Publishers.

It hopes to be prepared, before the end of the summer, with more convenient rooms and facilities for a reading room, lectures, and other means of mental improvement during the winter evenings, as well as for Sabbath services.

At present, its meetings are held at No. 460 Washington St., Room 13.

MR. WM. B. SWETT, having removed to Boston for the Summer and Fall, desires that his letters and papers may be sent to him at No. 40. PRESCOTT PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., until further notice.

ON Tuesday night, July 20, we left Boston, at 9 o'clock, in company with a dozen other deaf-mutes, to attend the funeral of Laurent Clerc, at Hartford, Conn. Arriving there about two o'clock, A. M., we found Mr. Crossett, the worthy assistant Steward of the American Asylum, waiting for us with an invitation to make the Institution our quarters. We gladly accepted the offer, and were soon safely lodged in the halls which had so often sheltered us before.

It was pleasant, as we sat down to breakfast the next morning, in the spacious dining-room, to meet again the beaming face and clasp the honest hand of Mrs. White, for thirty years the Matron here, around whose name clusters many a tender memory of the days of boyhood, when we were far from our childhood's home; pleasant to walk about the buildings and grounds and note the changes which had taken place and the improvements made, chief among which last we noticed a large two-story building, the lower story of which contained three bowling alleys, and the upper story a billiard table and a large room for exercise. This building is used by both boys and girls, at stated times, and adds much to their physical enjoyment. It was pleasant to meet old teachers and friends, a few of whom still remained, although it was vacation. It was sad to look upon the calm, placid face of the veteran, CLERC, who, for our sakes, left home, country, and friends for a new and untried land, and who, for more than forty years, had toiled for deaf-mute education, and, even when retired on a life-pension, did not fail to manifest a daily interest in the cause; pleasant to think that he had, long ago, in his adopted country, found compensation, in wife, children and friends, for early deprivations; pleasant to think that his long life had borne such abundant fruit; that he was now at rest, and that there were so many thousands to rise up and call him blessed.

The funeral services were conducted, at Mr. Clerc's late residence, by Rev. Mr. Tremaine, assisted by Rev. Mr. Fisher, and were translated into signs for the benefit of the deaf-mutes by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York. At the conclusion, the mutes, in number about thirty, formed into ranks on each side of the path outside the house; through these the corpse was borne to the hearse, after which the procession was formed:—

First came carriages, with the deaf-mutes as escort, or guard of honor; then the hearse; next the family and intimate friends, while in the rear came the carriages of citizens. The mute escort, of whom all wore crape on the left arm, was composed of a delegation from the "Mass. Deaf-Mute Christian Union," of Boston, and a number of others from that city, Lawrence, Salem, &c., with individuals from New York, Bridgeport, and other places.

When the procession reached the cemetery, all left the carriages and formed around the grave. During the time while the corpse was being taken from the hearse, conveyed to the grave, and lowered into it, the burial service of the Episcopal Church was being read and translated, and its touching tenderness never struck us so fully as then. At the proper moment, two

of the escort, Frank Crossman and James Glynn, stepped forward and shovelled the earth into the grave until all was hid from sight. It was touching to see those two deaf-mutes reverently performing the last sad duties for one who had done so much for them, and a sense of the fitness of the closing act was felt by all.

We left him amid the shady groves of the cemetery to await the resurrection morn. A suitable monument will doubtless be raised to him; but whatever may be its style, cost, or character, his most enduring monument is in the hearts of the thousands of educated deaf-mutes in this country, where his memory is enshrined and will endure to all time, while his influence will be felt in the hereafter. His memory will not die with those now alive, for they will impart the charge to coming generations, and the names of GALLAUDET and CLERC will be forever linked together in the minds and hearts of all concerned in the cause for which those two great benefactors of their race wore out their lives.

The thanks of those present are returned for all favors received, and the universal feeling was one of gratification at having been able to take part in the last duties to the venerated dead.

The genial, yet dignified principal, Dr. Stone, Mrs. White, and her assistants, did much to make our short visit pleasant, and their success was complete. We had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Turner, he being unavoidably absent at the Commencement of Yale College, his "Alma Mater," to attend a meeting of the class in which he graduated, fifty years ago; an occasion which, as but few members were now alive, he did not wish to miss.

The obituary notice, in another place, was mostly written by Mr. Turner for the *Hartford Courant*, from whose columns we cut it. Written by one who knew him long and well, it is as comprehensive a notice of Mr. Clerc as we could elsewhere procure.

Mr. Clerc was sensible to the last. On Saturday morning, previous to his death, he arose, and, assisted by his grandson, walked into the next room, looked out upon the blooming face of nature, and then returned to his bed. Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, he expressed a wish to arise, and being assisted to a sitting position, concluded to lie down again, which he did, and passed away directly afterwards.

BOSTON DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—George B. Keniston, Vice President of this Association, having resigned his office, Thomas Williston of Boston has been elected to the vacancy.

Mr. T. W. Berry, the preacher of the Association, is absent for the Summer, during which the Sabbath services are to be conducted by members in rotation, with such outside assistance as they may occasionally procure.

W. B. Swett and John O. David have been appointed Agents, but have not yet entered on their duties.

The location of the Association is at No. 460 Washington St., Room 11.

"THE Second Annual Report of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes" is before us.

Dr. Blumenthal, the President, says, that the results thus far obtained have not only been equal to, but have far exceeded anything that could reasonably be expected in so short a time. The new system, that of articulation for deaf-mutes, as practised at this school, he thinks, needs but to be made known in order to find favor and recognition, and its results will always commend it to the public. He says:—

"When we divest ourselves of the prejudice that has attached itself to most minds,—the offspring of ignorance or false information,—namely, that deaf-mutes are inferior to others in their mental organization—we find that that they are as well fitted for the development of the mind, as susceptible to impressions,—mental, moral and physical, excepting hearing, as any other class; and when once we have found the key to their understanding, when they have acquired the alphabet, and learned spelling, writing, and reading, not only in print, but off the lips of the speaker; and, finally, when they have themselves acquired language, and can give expression to their wishes and wants, hopes and fears, joys and griefs, in words—in spoken, articulate sounds—their progress, in matters of general information at least, and in many specials also, will be found to compare not unfavorably with that of other children not subject to their disadvantage."

"This statement was conclusively demonstrated to the public lately, when we exhibited, for the first time, what had been done by the Institution."

He quotes from several of the late reports of various institutions for deaf-mutes to show that the officers and teachers are ready "to go forward and onward in the path of improvement," and says that it is exceedingly gratifying to witness such avowals.

Reference is made to the late exhibition, of which we gave the account written by "Eye Witness," in the May number of the FRIEND. The following is a summary of the condition of the school at date of report, May 11, 1869.

There are now twenty-three pupils in the Institution; of these, thirteen are boys, from 6 to 13, and ten girls, from 7 to 14 years of age. The oldest pupil dates from March, 1867; the youngest, from April 12, 1869. Twenty-two pupils are natives of the United States. One is a native of England. Since the organization, twenty-six pupils have been admitted. Thirteen previous to May, 1868, and thirteen from May, 1868, to May, 1869. Three have been discharged. He recommends an additional instructor, as the number of pupils is too many for two teachers.

It is desired, after the third term shall have commenced, which it will do September 1st, next, to admit all pupils who may apply, relying upon the State to do justice to the Institution.

The association which controls this school numbers over five hundred members, a list of whose names, as well as a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws, is appended to the Report.

We understand that the "Articulate Method, as practised in Germany," is the basis of instruction in this school, but do not know whether the manual alphabet is ruled out and forbidden, although we presume signs are regarded, and rightly, as an obstacle not to be desired in such a school.

"THE Fifty-third Annual Report of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn.," comes to us in its usual neat and tasty dress. The Report shows:—Number present at date of last report, 225; admitted during the year, 51; re-admitted, 3; whole number under instruction, 279; left during the year, 47; now in attendance, 232; average attendance, 230.

Two teachers, Mr. Edward C. Stone, and Miss Catharine Blauvelt, left during the year, the former for the situation of Principal of the Institution at Delavan, Wisconsin, and the latter for a situation as teacher in the New York Institution. These vacancies were filled by the appointment of Miss Mary E. Haskell and Miss Clara E. Seaverns, both graduates of the High Class.

Only one death during the year,—that of Millie H. Clark, of Biddeford, Maine, of whom the report speaks as being possessed of a bright, active mind, and giving promise of a brilliant maturity.

During the past year, a tasteful and spacious building, seventy by twenty-five feet, and two stories high, has been erected as a place of amusement for both sexes, and has proved a great addition to the comfort and enjoyment of the pupils. Considerable space is naturally devoted to a comparison and defence of the language of signs from the misrepresentations lately made by sundry parties; and the opinion is repeated, that, while semi-mute and semi-deaf children should be taught articulate speech, the great mass of congenital mutes can never acquire it, or be benefitted by it."

As an evidence of the success of the method pursued at the Institution, the seventeen hundred mutes who have been educated there are pointed to with pride; at the same time, the experiment of teaching congenital mutes articulation, which is being again tried in this country, is wished the highest success, while fears are entertained that two evils will result from the trial. One is, that many deaf children will be subjected to long and tedious processes, from which they will receive little or no benefit, and thus they will lose the opportunity for education;—and the other, that in the hearts of many parents, expectations will be excited, that will be utterly disappointed. However, it is desirable that the trial should again be made. Let the education of deaf-mutes by articulation, without signs, be faithfully and fairly tried, and let intelligent persons note carefully the degree of success, and its value.

The only issue in dispute is, whether congenital mutes can be taught to use and understand language and to communicate with others, more intelligibly and satisfactorily by vocal speech, or by the use of natural signs. To the determination of this question, the attention of intelligent men is invited.

PLEASE take notice that the Editor's address is MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

KOUPONETI writes as follows of Base Ball in New York:—

"The return game between the Fanwoods and Athletes came off on May 20th, each club strained every nerve, and the game was played admirably throughout, and at the close the totals stood: Fanwood 23, Athlete 29.

This game closed the series and the victors left with a hearty hurrah from the Fanwood boys.

They are getting stronger with every game but they have not as yet found out the secret of safe batting, most of their balls falling into the hands of the out-fielders.

Yet still, they are ambitious and challenge clubs much stronger than themselves because, as they say, "If they win, their victory will be three fold." They seem willing to lose balls if they can gain experience in return.

On June 1st they met the Jaspers of Manhattan College, a club that had defeated their previous opponents, the Athletes, and after a spirited game went home defeated by a score of 32 to 20 in a game of six innings. At the fifth innings they were equal, 20 to 20, but by a lucky slip the Jaspers secured 12 runs and they themselves retired for a blank.

The Fanwoods would be pleased to meet the Kendalls at the Convention, indeed, they would like nothing better, but their treasury is not full to overflowing. However, if they possibly can meet their Washington friends they will enter into arrangements for a match.

They have tried to get a game with the Columbia College Club, but the Collegians write that they have at present no regular organization, which we believe is the truth.

Several of the Fanwoods will graduate at the close of this term, and the question is how their places will be supplied, but we will trust to luck and rely on Shakespeare that 'All's well that ends well.'

PERSONAL.

MR. J. G. PARKINSON, one of the graduating class of the Deaf-Mute College, who was recently appointed a first class clerk in the Patent Office at Washington, has been promoted to a Second Assistant Examiner's desk, the appointment to take effect August 1st.

MR. J. H. LOGAN, of the same class, has a description of his newly invented microscope in the *Scientific American* for July 10th.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET and lady sailed from New York in the steamship Samaria, on the 8th of July, for a two months' tour in Europe.

We observe, in a report of the Commencement of Columbian College, that it has conferred the degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" upon President Gallaudet, and also see that at the last Commencement of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him. Trinity is his "Alma Mater."

OBITUARY.

DIED, at his residence in Hartford, Conn., on Sunday morning, July 18th, 1869, LAURENT CLERC, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

This announcement will send a thrill of sorrow through the heart of every deaf-mute in the land. They will be grieved, but not surprised; the failing health of their venerable and venerated teacher having long made the event probable.

Mr. Clerc had been identified with the American Asylum at Hartford from its commencement in 1817. He was born in La Balme, department of Isere, France, December 26th, 1785. His father was Mayor of that Commune for thirty-four years. At the age of one year, Laurent fell into the fire and his face was so badly burnt that he lost his hearing and of course he never learned to talk.

He was educated by the famous Abbe Sicard, in the institution for the deaf and dumb at Paris. He became acquainted with Mr. Gallaudet in London, in June, 1815; and in the spring of the following year, gave him instruction in signs at the school in Paris, where he was at that time teacher of the highest class. At the earnest request of Mr. G., he consented to come to this country as the living exponent of the French system of instruction, having, as he then stated to Sicard as a reason for leaving France, a great desire to make his unfortunate fellow beings on the other side of the Atlantic participate in the same benefits of education that he had himself received. On the passage from Paris to Hartford, which occupied nearly two months, he learned so much of the English language, of which he had previously known nothing, that on his arrival he could express his ideas by writing correctly on common topics of conversation. The assistance he was able to render Mr. Gallaudet by exciting public interest in the education of deaf-mutes, in raising funds for the new institution, and training teachers for this and other similar schools soon after established was invaluable. He devoted his whole soul and the powers of a vigorous and well cultivated mind to these objects and much of the success of the enterprise was due to his official labors. It is not surprising that while comparatively a stranger here, he should now and then have turned his eyes and thoughts towards his *native land*, and said:—"I had left many persons and objects in France endeared to me by association, and America at first seemed uninteresting and monotonous, and I sometimes regretted leaving my native land; but I had only to recur to the object which had induced me to seek these shores, to contemplate the good we were going to do, and sadness was subdued by an approving conscience." He therefore, cheerfully and patiently toiled on in his chosen field of usefulness for more than forty years, respected and beloved by his associates and pupils, until, in the spring of 1858, he voluntarily resigned the office of teacher at the age of almost seventy-three. Mr. Clerc's services were fully appreciated

by Mr. Gallaudet, the first principal of the American Asylum; by his successors and associates in the department of instruction, and by the officers and pupils of the institution. Evidence of this frequently appears in their records and annual reports, and in the bestowment of special favors and appropriations by the board of directors, and especially of a pension for life upon his retiring from the duties of his office.

Respecting his religious views and character it need only be said that he believed the Bible and faithfully taught its precepts to his pupils; but did not connect himself with any church until past middle life, when he became a communicant of Christ Church, in this city. During the whole of his last sickness of more than three months continuance, he manifested a lovely spirit of christian submission to the Divine will. When told by a friend some time since that it was doubtful whether he would recover and that his thoughts should be much upon the scenes just before him, he replied, that he was a sinner and had no merits of his own; that his only hope was in the efficiency of the blood of Christ to wash away his sins, and that he gave himself up to the disposal of God, trusting he should be accepted through his mercy.

Mr. Clerc married, in early life, Miss Eliza C. Boardman of Whitesborough, New York, also a deaf-mute, who is still living. Only two of their six children survive him: Mrs. E. C. Beers of this city, and the Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D. D., of Philadelphia. Their youngest daughter, wife of our respected fellow-citizen Hon. Henry C. Deming, died four weeks before her father. A large circle of friends will mourn the death of Mr. Clerc; yet they may console themselves with the hope that the wish expressed by him at parting with the convention of deaf-mutes assembled in this city some years since to do him honor, has now in his case at least been gratified:—My prayer is that when we must leave this world, we may all be ushered into another, where our ears shall be unstopped, and our mouths opened—where our happiness shall have no alloy, shall fear no change, and know no end."

WE had the pleasure, during our recent visit to Hartford, of meeting John Carlin, Esq., of New York, the Orator elect of the Convention at Ithaca. We judge, from the few hints which he let drop, that his address will be both interesting and practical.

IN our next number we shall continue Mr. Swett's sketches, and give a very interesting account of his perilous journey to and over Mount Lafayette by way of Eagle Cliff.

A DEAF and dumb child, son of a Mrs. Hackerty of Pawtucket, R. I., upset a kettle of boiling water and was scalded to death on Sunday last.—*Boston Herald*, June 9.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DEAR FRIEND :—There have been stirring times among the mutes here since I last wrote, for, besides the First Annual Commencement of the College, the Sunday School of the Institution has held two concerts and a picnic, and the ball clubs have played several important games—the “Kendall” winning every one of its matches, including one with the “Columbian College Nine.” The Clubs closed the term by playing each other and giving an ice-cream supper at the close of the contest. Speeches were made all round and much good feeling prevailed. Of the Sunday School concerts and picnics I hope to speak more fully in some future letter; for the present, the first topic—the Commencement exercises—will be all that your readers can justly expect, considering the limited space at my disposal.

These were very interesting, not only to the mutes themselves, but to a very large proportion of the hearing and speaking of the city. The graduating class—the first of the college—consisted of James H. Logan of Pittsburgh, Penn., who received his preparatory training at the Philadelphia Institution; Joseph G. Parkinson of Temple, N. H., and J. Burton Hotchkiss of Ansonia, Conn., both of whom will be remembered at Hartford as graduates of that Institution. James Cross, who was drowned in his Sophomore year, was a promising member of this class. The class had some private ceremonies of its own during the week preceding Commencement. They planted an ivy on the north side of the College building, called on the Professors, paid visits to the old familiar places, had class pictures taken, and, in other ways, prepared for the final farewell to College life, which is always so saddening to the spirits of youth.

The exercises of Commencement week were opened on Sunday, June 20th, by the preaching of the baccalaureate sermon by President Gallaudet, from the text :—“For every man shall bear his own burden.” (*Galatians* vi: 5.)

The sermon was attended to with marked interest by all, and the speaker, addressing himself more particularly to the graduates, taught them the true theory of bearing life's burdens. It was a sermon that will be likely to abide long with those who, as students, received instruction from their respected President for the last time.

On Tuesday evening, the President and lady held the commencement reception at their elegant residence, a short distance from the College, at which were present, besides the people of the Institution, many ladies and gentlemen from the city. Indeed, the majority of those present were outsiders, but that did not prevent them from receiving of and contributing to the pleasures of the evening. The whole gathering enjoyed what our principal

of the old school days was wont to enforce upon our youthful minds as the sole thing needful at festive gatherings, namely :—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul," although more substantial refreshments were not wanting;

Wednesday, the 23rd, was Commencement day, and at eleven o'clock, A. M. a gathering of nearly a thousand people assembled in the Congregational Church on Tenth and G. Streets to witness the exercises. The church was decorated with flags and the Marine Band occupied the lower platform and discoursed popular airs for the edification of the hearing portion of those present. The Junior classes of our own and Columbian Colleges constituted the Committee of Reception, and much is due to its members for the fine manner in which everything was conducted. It was noticeable that all the students and many of the ladies present wore badges of buff and blue—the College colors—and it was also observed that more ladies than gentlemen among the spectators used the language of the fingers.

Rev. W. W. Turner of Hartford opened the exercises with prayer, in which he referred to the goodness of God in permitting the establishment of Institutions for the deaf and dumb and implored His blessing upon the cause they celebrated that day and upon the graduates in their future sphere of life. President Gallaudet then delivered a very able address, in which he gave an history of the Institution under his care and showed the providential manner in which it had been upheld. He demonstrated what mutes could do by citing what had been done by some of the students even before they had completed their College course. Some had materially aided the cause of literature by translating foreign works; others were valued contributors to public journals, and one had just made an invention in an important branch of science. He highly eulogized Congress and those private individuals who had aided, for their generous support of the Institution, and expressed the hope that their countenance in the future would be as munificent as in the past. After music by the band, the speakers of the graduating class were introduced in order: J. G. Parkinson, "The Expediency of Protective Duties." J. H. Logan, "A Glimpse at Science," and J. B. Hotchkiss, "Nature and Literature," with the Valedictory Address. The speakers delivered their pieces with the composed air of habitual orators, and at the conclusion were the recipients of rounds of applause and numerous bouquets of flowers from their lady friends.

The Hon. Amos Kendall, the venerable ex-president of the Institution, was then introduced and he, after referring to the history of the Institution, addressed a few words of advice to the graduates. It was a very impressive tableau,—this good old man of nearly four score, to whom the mutes are more indebted than is generally known, standing there, and, with trembling hand and lip, earnestly exhorting the young men who stood before him in the hey-day of youth, hope and ambition, to faithfully read the Bible and follow its teachings.

Dr. Sampson, President of Columbian College, was then introduced, and

made a very happy speech, welcoming the National Deaf-Mute College into the arena of the higher institutions of learning, and referring to the friendly relations existing between the two colleges as exemplified by their frequent meetings on the ball ground, and by their association together on the programme as ushers of the occasion. In the course of his address, he quoted, as follows, from Pliny, to show that the idea is not modern that mutes might prove apt in drawing, sculpture, and painting: "Quintus Pedius was favored to receive the patronage of Caesar Augustus, when Dictator, since he was by birth a mute. Messala, the orator, thought that he should be taught painting, and this the Emperor Augustus approved." He also mentioned a kindred example, taken from the Spanish historian of Art, of a mute whose copy of Titian's Last Supper is yet in the Escorial at Madrid. He closed with these words: "With such a beginning, what shall the progress of this college not realize. * * * The jubilee of this college, the centenary of the inception of deaf-mute instruction in our country, may show that the second half century has realized more than the first."

Rev. Dr. Sunderland, and Gen. O. O. Howard then made short speeches, after which the degree of "Bachelor of Arts" was conferred upon the three members of the graduating class with equal honors, and a certificate of honorable dismissal presented to Mr. P. S. Engelhardt, he not having pursued the full college course.

The degree of "Master of Arts" was conferred upon J. Scott Hutton, of the Halifax Institution, and Richard Elliot, of the London Institution, England, and the addendum degree of A. M. upon James Denison. Rev. Dr. Starkey then pronounced the benediction and the audience dispersed, having enjoyed an occasion that will long be remembered by all.

At four in the afternoon, of the same day, an alumni dinner was eaten at the Kirkwood House, at which were present, besides the Faculty and the graduates, a few invited guests, including some of the prominent men in Washington. All the delicacies of the season were put down on the handsomely printed bill of fare, headed "National Deaf-Mute College Alumni Dinner," and an hour was pleasantly spent in discussing them. Then toasts were proposed and responded to,—among them the following: "The American Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb—the foundation of the College; let this foundation be well laid and the College is secure." Rev. Mr. Turner responded to this in his happy manner, which all old Hartford graduates know so well, and created much amusement by his anecdotes of deaf-mutes. After an hour or two had been thus pleasantly spent the gathering broke up, and thus ended the exercises of the first commencement of the only college for mutes in the world. One and all expressed themselves highly pleased with the exercises of the week, and it is an occasion not soon to be forgotten by the mutes present.

The next term commences on the 23d of September, and I understand that the President has received quite a number of applications for admission.

to the Freshman Class, and others to the Preparatory Class. Let my brothers who are hesitating about applying, come forward at once. Who can now deny the utility of the College? The terms are low,—\$150 a year,—and free scholarships are open to deserving young men who are unable to pay their own way. The advantages, both intellectual and social, of a four years' course in this college cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Its situation at the Capital of the country opens to the student a larger experience of men and things than many will be likely to meet with in their whole lives. I say, come one, come all, who are competent, and help us to raise the intellectual and social standard of our brotherhood.

Faithfully,

CLYMER.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

MR. EDITOR.—Our new range of shops is so far completed that the carpenters and cabinet makers have just removed their work benches and tools into its lower story, a splendid room for their purpose, twice as spacious as their old rickety and dimly lighted shop, which was promptly pulled down. The upper stories, designed for the shoe-makers, tailors, and *perhaps* printers, will be ready for use by the beginning of next term, if not before.

The Fanwood Literary Association held their closing meeting for the term on the 29th of May. There was a lively debate on the question, "Was the United States Senate wise in rejecting the Treaty negotiated by Reverdy Johnson, with Great Britain." The general opinion seemed to be that Great Britain, having done us all the damage she could, when we were in trouble and struggling for existence, was now only trying to get us to accept a very inadequate reparation, and to bind ourselves not to retaliate when her time of war and trouble comes. The vote stood just three to one (39 to 13,) in approbation of the rejection of the Treaty.

Mr. Conklin the Secretary and Mr. Van Tassell the Treasurer, gave a favorable account of the operations of the Society during the year. It has a snug sum, realized mainly by the pantomimic exhibition of which I gave you an account some time ago, to be devoted to the enlargement of the Library, to which also, some very valuable donations have been made by Publishers in this city and in Boston. Many of our pupils have a decided taste, and some an unappeasable appetite for miscellaneous reading. The possession of a good Library is very important as a means of stimulating the taste for reading, and enlarging the ideas; thus giving our pupils both a sure resource for their hours of loneliness, and greater ability to enjoy social reunion by bringing them more nearly to the intellectual level of the well educated and refined.

The meetings of the Association have been discontinued for the term. They will recommence on the second Saturday in September.

On Wednesday, May 26, Prof. Peet went to the city with several of the teachers and pupils to give an exhibition for the benefit of the two bodies of distinguished clergymen and laymen known as the Presbyterian General Assemblies, (Old School and New School), in the church of Rev. Dr. Adams. Owing to some mistake on the part of the Committee charged with making arrangements, or perhaps to each supposing that one of his colleagues had attended to the matter, the notice to the delegates was not given. There was, however, an intelligent and appreciating assembly, and the expedition was a success in every other respect. Those who went did not regret it, though they went in a thunder storm.

One of the Reporters present wrote that "If one wishes to see human intelligence concentrated in hands, he should go and see the pupils converse and joke among themselves." He did perceive that the *concentration* is due more to the eye and countenance than to the hand.

J. R. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—*En Avant* emphatically responds "Yes" to T. B.'s suggestion of holding a National Convention for Deaf-Mutes and enthusiastically asks "Who speaks next?" Now nothing would be more gratifying to me, as a true friend of my unfortunate class than to be the first individual to respond to *En Avant's* noble call—but—and here comes the difficulty, I can see no use for such a Convention.

Our worthy friend argues that the various Principals and Teachers have held a National Convention and now comes our turn and we ought to avail ourselves of the advantage thus presented, but the two above conventions aimed at an object, the attainment of which was praiseworthy enough to justify their holding the Convention.

But in our case it would be different. Unless we can aim at some object and one worth the trouble and expense of attending the Convention, an object far greater than that of our several local and minor Conventions, whose object seems merely to assemble, pass a few unimportant resolutions, deliver an oration, which is in itself the chief feature of the day, elect officers, shake hands, and adjourn to meet again two years hence, we had better stay at home.

En Avant says it would be an easy matter to enumerate a dozen or more important subjects to be brought before such a Convention, and which if properly acted upon will undoubtedly result in promoting the welfare of the whole community of educated mutes. I have no doubt that our learned friend means well in giving this opinion, but it would be much better to give the subjects first, or sum them up in one grand *object*, and if the object should be deemed worth the call for such a Convention, I feel confident in saying that it will be responded to by every educated mute in the land, whereas, if there be no satisfactory object in view, the whole plan will be a failure.

KOUPONETI.

EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

NOTICE.

THE third biennial Convention of the "Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes," will be held at Ithaca, N. Y., August 25th and 26th, 1869.

John Carlin, Esq., of New York City, has consented to deliver the Oration, and Wm. Martin Chamberlain of Marblehead, Mass., will act as alternate orator.

Messrs. Taber, Bartlett and McDougal, Committee of Arrangements, will be on hand to attend to the convenience of all who may call on them, and to the general facilitation of the Convention.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of New York expects to hold a service on Wednesday evening, the 25th; the Bishop preaching through his interpretation.

Several prominent gentlemen, both deaf and hearing, from this and other States, have already signified their intention to be present.

F. M. Finch, Esq., Secretary of the "Cornell Library Association," has, on behalf of its officers, offered the gratuitous use of their splendid Library Hall for the meetings of the Convention; and also signified their readiness to render any assistance or courtesy in their power.

THE TOMPKINS HOUSE and the CLINTON HOUSE will accommodate as many delegates as they can at a reduction of their usual rates: the former at from one dollar and a half to two dollars, and the latter at from two to three dollars per day. The ITHACA HOUSE will, however, charge its usual rate of three dollars per day, owing to its being constantly full; but inexpensive accommodations can otherwise be made if necessary.

The Boats plying between Ithaca and Cayuga leave Cayuga regularly at 8 o'clock, A. M., and at 3 o'clock, P. M., arriving at Ithaca at 12 M., and at 7 P. M.

All arrangements with the Rail-road and Steamboat Companies, which are yet being made, will be completed as soon as possible. The most convenient are the NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD to Owego, the ITHACA AND OWEGO RAILROAD to Ithaca; the PEOPLE'S LINE OF BOATS or the HUDSON RIVER and NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROADS to Cayuga, and the ITHACA AND CAYUGA LINE OF BOATS to Ithaca. With these rail-roads are connected several others, few of which will be excluded.

Only those who pay full fare on the routes over which they go to the Convention, by which they must return, and become members of the Association while there, will be provided with FREE RETURN TICKETS by the Secretary at the Convention.

Ithaca is widely noted for its remarkable waterfalls, which range from one to four hundred feet in height and all possess great attractions to the lovers of the wonders of nature.

There is situated the famous Cornell University, the Agricultural Department of which possesses several hundred acres under high cultivation. It will be worth visiting, especially by those who are farmers, who constitute a great portion of our class.

As Ithaca is an attractive and accessible place, it is reasonable to expect a large gathering, both to seek rural pleasures among the hills and to indulge in mental nourishment on the exercises of the Convention.

The proceedings are expected, so far as arrangements have been made, to be of unusual interest, and the Board earnestly request all who can, to be present.

A. JOHNSON, *President*.

H. C. RIDER, *Secretary*.

NOTICE.

THE members of THE EPSILON SIGMA SOCIETY are requested to be on hand at the Convention at Ithaca, where a meeting of as many as can be present will be held.

H. D. REAVES, *President*.

A. JOHNSON, *Secretary*.

Marriages.

At Russell, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., on Wednesday, July 14th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Harvey Miles, Prof. ALPHONSO JOHNSON of the New York Institution, to Miss CLARA P. SMITH, youngest daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Smith. (Both graduates of the New York Institution.)

Deaths.

IN Malden, Mass., June 29th, LAURA ALICE, daughter of Wm. H. and Laura A. Green, aged three weeks.

In Sebec, Maine, March 8th, suddenly, Mr. CHARLES LOVEJOY, aged sixty six. (A graduate of the American Asylum.) He left a hearing wife and four children, three of whom are deaf and dumb.

In Barrington, N. H., July 12th, 1868, JOSEPH WARREN HANSON, aged sixteen years. (The day on which he died was his birthday. He was a graduate of the American Asylum.)

In North Truro, Mass., March 5th, LIBBIE F. SMALL, aged twenty-three years. (A graduate of the American Asylum.)

In Mount Pleasant, Iowa, June 21st, Mrs. MARY M. ASKEW. (For three years assistant Matron of the Iowa Institution.)

[A correspondent informs us that Mrs. KATE A. CUBBERLEY died at Keosauque, Iowa, March 3rd, not in Alabama, as stated in the June No.]